

2

CAMBRO-BRITONS,

AN HISTORICAL PLAY,

IN THREE ACTS.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal, Haymarket,

ON SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1798.

WITH A PREFACE.

WRITTEN BY

JAMES BOADEN, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

FONTAINVILLE FOREST, ITALIAN MONK, &c. &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1798.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LLEWELLYN,	-	-	<i>Mr. Barrymore.</i>
SHENKIN,	-	-	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
CADWALL,	-	-	<i>Mr. R. Palmer.</i>
GWYN,	-	-	<i>Mr. Suett.</i>
O'TURLOCH,	-	-	<i>Mr. Johnstone.</i>
BARD,	-	-	<i>Mr. Johnston.</i>
KING EDWARD,	-	-	<i>Mr. Davies.</i>
PRINCE DAVID,	-	-	<i>Mr. C. Kemble.</i>
DYNEVOR,	-	-	<i>Mr. Trueman.</i>
MEREDITH,	-	-	<i>Mr. Palmer, jun.</i>
MORTIMER,	-	-	<i>Mr. Caulfield.</i>
HEREFORD,	-	-	<i>Mr. Davenport.</i>
DOOR-KEEPER,	-	-	<i>Mr. Wathen.</i>
EDWIN,	-	-	<i>Mr. Abbot.</i>
SOLDIER,	-	-	<i>Mr. Waldron, jun.</i>
LATIMER,	-	-	<i>Mr. Lyons.</i>
ELINOR,	-	-	<i>Miss De Camp.</i>
LADY GRIFFITH'S SHADE,	-	-	<i>Mrs. Gibbs.</i>
WINIFRED,	-	-	<i>Mrs. Bland.</i>

Bards, Soldiers, Peasants, &c.

PREFACE.

I HAVE looked at the stage with attention; and, while I sincerely approve its silence upon the politics of contending *parties*, I think it deficient in its noblest duty, when it inspires no ardour against an invading enemy. I know it is impossible to carry a spectator through a great and patriotic action, without communicating a zeal, which he will apply to the general exigence that involves him. So thinking, I have written the present play: with what success, as to *composition*, the public will determine:—with what influence, as to *principle*, I may indulge imagination in the silence of hope.

In my former plays, I have invariably framed my work upon incidents in such romances as were deservedly popular. I believe my practice may be justified by the *great* masters of our art, from the dawning of

the drama among us ; and, although I have drawn my present materials from history, I do not abandon for ever the page of fiction ; which, in the hands of such a genius as the fair magician of UDOLPHO; is no less true to all the developements of character, and the expression of the passions.

To the petty cavils of envy, and the ignorant jargon of such as they may influence, an author, enjoying the public favour, must be weak indeed to reply. To be the subject of a satire by scribblers, desperate both in reputation and power, mental and moral, is a theme for congratulation. They will tell me, in excuse for such freedoms, that "*they must live.*" They are welcome to my name, if they need it, though I believe the world might very well *spare* the gentlemen. Some of my fellow-sufferers, I am sorry to learn, have not been able so to repress the indignation they felt at vilified reputation, and a polluted press—they have appealed to the laws ; and, in some instances, acted with a *vigour beyond the laws*. The first mode I think unnecessary ; and the last, degrading to the character insulted. It is not for a man

of

PREFACE.

of mark and respectability, to level himself with an assassin in a mask. HONOUR disclaims it for her cognizance—the cause cannot be tried in any of her courts: she adjudges it to the determination of scorn, who quickly transports it into oblivion.

To recur to the present Work. In the characters of the principal personages, I am unconscious of any very material departure from historic record. My Hero is universally represented as the great champion of his country. He married the lady I have given to him, and was reconciled to the brother, who abandoned him. If I have not conducted LLEWELLYN to his miserable *end*, I shall have the thanks of every man, who, as a patriot, wishes that *he* may always triumph, who seeks to sustain the independance of his country. I do not falsify his history; I only select the events of it.

A word more, and I have done. By the introduction of a supernatural agent, I may be by some deemed the plagiarist of the CASTLE SPECTRE; and by others censured for complying with the public in the *rank garb*.

As

As to the first, it is an affair of *chronology*; if there be any imitation (which I neither suppose nor charge), they who remember my play of Fontainville Forest, will imagine Mr. LEWIS conceived his phantom from mine. I have, upon this repetition of the offence, taken care to produce a sufficient *cause* for an event, which no effort of reason has yet shown to be impossible. Natural possibility is not too wide a boundary for dramatic probability.

Acknowledgments are more emphatic for being concise. The PERFORMERS have all my best thanks. Mr. COLMAN combined in my favour qualities he is known so thoroughly to possess;—the advice of a friend, the judgment of an author, and the politeness of a gentleman. To his whimsical pen I am indebted also for the two songs in the character of O'Turloch. M. MARINARI, the painter, very ably aided me in producing the splendid effects of the spectacle; and Mr. Johnston, of Drury-lane Theatre, undertook the care of our dresses and decorations, that the eye of taste might be fully gratified.

CAMBRO-BRITONS.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*A Goatberd's Cottage upon the Mountains.*

Enter SHENKIN, with his quarter-staff in his hand.

SHENKIN.

HERE, Winifred, take my staff.

Enter WINIFRED.

WINIFRED.

I will, fir.—Are you not weary?

SHENKIN.

I am, my Mountain Rose. My tough frame will endure shaking. I have had a rugged dance over our mountains.

WINIFRED.

Have you been to the retreat of the Prince?

SHENKIN.

I have, my girl. Drove before me three milch goats and their kids—a seasonable supply. They had kept Lent there before, I can tell you. The whole little army are at work now upon the cookery.

B

WINIFRED.

CAMBRO-BRITONS.

WINIFRED.

Your pardon, fir, but did you see,—

SHENKIN.

Beshrew me, sweetheart, I forgot. Cadwall, my hero, my son, thy lover, commends him to you.—Give her, father, said he, a kiss for me; and though your beard be none of the best-trimmed, and your head be powdered with our mountain snows in your journey, yet, trust me, Win will not like it the worse, when given from the lip of a loyal subject. (*Kissing her.*)

WINIFRED.

It is like the blessing of a father to me. Alas! I have now only you to depend upon. The war has left me an orphan to your charity. You have bid me root me in your friendly soil, and I would fain flourish out of gratitude.

SHENKIN.

I pity the man that can conspire with wintry winds against such a young blossom as this. No, let him rescue the frail slip from solitude and neglect; water it with the dews of kindness, and bid it “live a little longer:”—Its sweetness will repay him.

WINIFRED.

Such was my poor father, though a mountaineer.

SHENKIN.

SHENKIN.

Though a mountaineer! S'life, girl, the mountain is the foil of all the virtues. To the mountain independence clings, and heaven's best blessing—liberty. It is the fountain-head of goodness, and if the stream is ever muddy in its course through life, why it is by working through the muck of cities in the valley.

WINIFRED.

I should think as you do, but while war be-fets us in a thousand perilous forms, and famine blows his sickly breath over our hills, the only virtue we can practise is patience.

SHENKIN.

The crown of all, my sweet. The courtier-aspin trembles at every gust of Fortune's gale. The forest king defies its power; it may ruffle his garment a little, but it only makes his trunk more hardy.

WINIFRED.

Ah, my Cadwall! my women's nature shudders at the rough proof thy courage brings upon thee.

SHENKIN.

His courage!—his duty. His life now is one of the sacred guards heaven places round his prince! No weakness, girl. Like an old eagle,

I bred him callow in this *airy nest*; at length,
matured and generous like his race, I drove him
forth, to gaze upon the sun.

WINIFRED.

What wonder is there, that the best of parents
should be the most generous of friends?

SONG.—WINIFRED.

WHEN the rude voice of war I no longer shall hear,
And my Cadwall's restor'd to the arms of his dear;
To the harp will I sing at our cottage turf'd-door,
And my Cadwall shall leave his fond Winny no more!

II.

To our parent, to good Shenkin, the blythe ballad I'll
troll,
'Twill be thankful, 'twill be grateful, oh, 'twill flow from
the soul!
There's no peasant, there's no monarch, can than me
be more blest,
By good Shenkin still protected, by my Cadwall carest!

III.

When the rude voice of war I no longer shall hear,
And my Cadwall's restor'd to the arms of his dear;
To the harp will I sing at our cottage turf'd-door,
And my Cadwall shall leave his fond Winny no more!

SHENKIN.

SHENKIN.

Nay, no praise for mere duty. (*Exit Winifred.*) It shocks me like a bribe. The proper pride of our nature is to do what's fitting for its own sake ; and disregard even ingratitude.

Enter a Soldier, armed.

So abruptly, friend—What would you ?

SOLDIER.

My orders are to search this cottage. You are suspected to give succour to the prince !

SHENKIN.

Is that all ? Am I but suspected to be loyal ? Soldier, had that young chin of your's been fledged some twenty years back, you might have had war-proof of your suspicion.

SOLDIER.

I like his plainness. I'll wink at this old honesty. (*Aside.*) You're not the man I took you for.

SHENKIN.

Yes, but I am ! Shenkin my name ; and if I could deny that, my character is so well known, thank heav'n, that chance can never blow away a mischief, that malice meant should fall upon my shoulders.

SOLDIER.

SOLDIER.

Take my advice ; hide yourself. You are traced visiting the rebel's camp, Llewellyn.

SHENKIN.

The prince, a rebel ! Against whom, stranger ?

SOLDIER.

The mighty Edward, claiming homage of him ; on his refusal, treats him as a rebel.

SHENKIN.

Claim homage ! What is that ? Bid weakness bend to kiss the foot of pow'r, lest its fierce tread should trample it to mire !

SOLDIER.

Look'ee, father ; fortune has cast us on different sides ; but I hope I do not wrong the cause I serve, by respecting the fidelity I practise.

SHENKIN.

Thank you, my friend. I could wish to honour you like a soldier in the field of battle ; but the old fox, I us'd to wield when young, grew heavy for me ; so—all his fortune—I will'd it to my son ; and when here I earth me, may my boy's valour earn one sprig of laurel to wave over me, and I shall lay me down, like cradled infancy, whose sleep is rock'd by angels.

SOLDIER.

CAMBRO-BRITONS.

7

SOLDIER.

Well, well; yet be careful, old heart. That nap you talk of taking need not be hastened by rashness; and your day is drawing so near the close, that it must be folly to go to sleep before bed-time. Farewel, thou true Cambro-Briton.

SHENKIN.

Strike home, boy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*Snowdon; a rocky Pass in the Mountains.*

CADWALL and GWYN *discovered keeping Guard with their Cross-bows.*

GWYN.

How goes the watch, comrade? It can't be long now to day-break.

CADWALL.

Close upon it, if day could bring comfort with it.

GWYN.

Well, well, we have one consolation, Cadwall; we have done our duty: and let death overtake hur how he may, he will never catch hur deserting hur commander.

CADWALL.

CADWALL.

True, lad: but there are some in high stations, who think very differently. Our small number is daily thinned by desertion.

GWYN.

The cowards! why there is an end of all principle near. Desert their natural prince in a time of trouble! May Snowdon crumble hur to ashes, when hur shrinks from the brave Llewellyn.

CADWALL.

Aye, he is brave; but interest is the idol now. The fordid, like an eddy, turn against the stream of honour itself, whenever its current experiences a check.

GWYN.

Ha! what noise approaches? Stand, or I shoot.

CADWALL.

Who comes so fast upon us?

Enter DYNEVOR.

DYNEVOR.

A friend, and countryman. One who, while hope remained, fought at the head of your ranks. We have now no safety but in the conqueror's mercy.

CADWALL.

CAMBRO-BRITONS.

19

CADWALL.

That may be true, my lord. And, shrunk as our numbers are, dejection in our commanders does not seem the best way to keep up our spirits.

DYNEVOR.

Follow me, comrades: I engage for your safety and reward. The royal Edward—

CADWALL.

Is, like our lord, a sovereign, and must hate a traitor.

DYNEVOR.

Then you refuse the tender of his mercy?

CADWALL.

I neither do refuse, nor yet solicit it—
I must be found, however, in my duty ;
And, if then conquered, he extend his mercy,
I shall deserve it.

DYNEVOR.

How now ! conscience-shaken !
Here's silence to your scruples, my good
fellows. (*Throws a purse.*)

CADWALL.

Your purse we keep, my lord : and it shall serve
A better purpose than to purchase treason.

c

DYNEVOR.

DYNEVOR.

Hell take these honest fools! (*Aside.*)

O, my brave soldiers,
How I admire your steady loyalty!
Pardon the trial taught us by the time:
Our daily losses make us doubt the bravest.
Nay, keep the gold, and trust my best report.
The day begins to break; farewell, my country-
men. [Exit.

GWYN.

As hur is a christian foul's, as errant a man-
trap as ever snapt up a false thief! What, make
use of his feints and his wiles to prove our
loyalty!

CADWALL.

That may be doubtful. But at any rate,
We have the captain's money for our answers.
If he meant foully, treachery is defeated.
The sun has clear'd the hills—Our watch is up.
[Exeunt.

SCENE—*Another Part of the Mountain.*

Enter LLEWELLYN slowly, and pensive.

LLEWELLYN.

So, one day more of freedom in despair!
I thought this heart was proof against my fate;
But

But it at length sinks under the oppression.
Yet, if I droop, it is not that the elements
Warp round my shivering body ; nor that thou,
Soul-sickening Famine, scowl'st upon my head ;
Ingratitude ! that harpy, plows my bosom,
And drives her talons to my secret soul !
O man, man, man, creation's pride and shame,
How shall we palliate thy treachery ?
The brute, obeying instinct, loves his master,
And, chance offending, humbles at his feet,
Willing to bleed for pardon :—but the friend,
The bosom-friend, that image of a god !
Drinks the life-blood there, revels in the stream,
And drops his traitor-poison in the spring.

Enter CADWALL.

CADWALL.

Health to my gracious prince !

LLEWELLYN.

Good-morrow, Cadwall.

CADWALL.

I grieve to herald thus the day with sorrow ;
But more desertion has disgrac'd the night.

LLEWELLYN.

Whom next am I to tear from my affections ?

CADWALL.

Dynevor—Sir Hugh ap Meredith—no more.

LLEWELLYN.

Thus do I spurn them from me. How escaped they?

CADWALL.

Dynevor attempted to pass down the cliff
I guarded in the night—he offer'd bribes ;
But, baffled here, he sought the lower pass,
And there succeeded.

LLEWELLYN.

This is master treason !

Judge how I lov'd these vagrant summer birds,
Whom the rude breath of winter hurries from me.
A moment's leisure, soldier, and I come.
Thou hast a valiant and a feeling heart,
And that can dignify the humblest station.
I may live to prefer thee, my young friend ;
If not, why let us share our dang'rous honours,
And die as freemen, countrymen, and brothers.

CADWALL.

My noble, gracious master ! (*Snatching his hand,
and kissing it on his knees.*) [Exit.

LLEWELLYN.

My brother ! for is he not truly so,
Who binds his service to my feeble fortunes ?

While

While he, who slept in the same womb with me,
Libels his race and nature by desertion!
Ye pow'rs, that watch over the fate of Kingdoms,
Hear me with favour—steel my mind, my frame,
For more than mortal suff'rance! You behold me,
One plac'd aloft, a fix'd and glaring mark,
For the unceasing arrows of ill fortune.
Swelling with all the high-conceived hopes
Of sovereignty, I yet must keep one place
Within my heart, not dedicate to glory;
And while love fills it, it corrects the whole,
And melts the stubborn temper of ambition.
Do thou, my Elinor, with perfect truth,
Inviolable love, possess my thoughts,
And reconcile me to a loathsome world!

(Kissing her picture.)

Now, Edward, come; for I am arm'd to meet thee.
Close to my heart I lay this darling pledge:
'Tis the bright shield of hope, bound on by love,
And doubt and fear but gaze on it, and die.

[Exit.]

Enter O'TURLOCH, with his Pipes, and GWYN.

O'TURLOCH.

To be sure I hav'nt made a pretty hand of it.
See what it is to be born a man of genius. I
must be following the heroes of the world like a
herald's trumpet, and giving immortality to all
their noble actions: and behold what a condition

I am

I am in. If they must have the Irish pipes to inspire 'em, they should at least pay the piper.

GWYN.

Well; but, Mr. Turloch, what brought you here into Wales, where we have bards enough, Got knows, to tune Llewellyn's heart-strings till the whole globe is harmony with his music.

O'TURLOCH.

By my grandfather's bag-pipe, your demand is reasonable. Why, friend Gwyn, I'll tell you. In this great big round world of our's there are three kinds of beings.—Men, without parts; men of parts, without poetry; and men of poetry, with great parts: for the latter class, little Ireland takes the lead of the universe.

GWYN.

Of what advantage are those parts you talk of?

O'TURLOCH.

O, infinite.—First and foremost, there are the parts of speech; which are ten, I hear, in England, and eleven in dear Ireland.

GWYN.

What is that eleventh, pray you? Is it important?

O'TURLOCH.

O'TURLOCH.

Faith, you may say that. The eleventh part of speech is the most important of 'em all.

GWYN.

Indeed! What do you call it?

O'TURLOCH.

Call it?—Why silence, to be sure!

GWYN.

Silence; a part of speech?

O'TURLOCH.

To be sure; and one of the most civil and well-bred of the whole set. For instance now; what a cursed gabbling and confusion would you and I be making here, if, while I am explaining, you were to be prating at the same time? O, ever while you live, stick to the eleventh part of speech; and neither man, woman, nor child, will be offended at any thing you say to 'em.

GWYN.

Ha! ha! that is goot. Hur is aware of the knavery, and the mockery of it. Very excellent goot it is. You have studied these things well.

O'TURLOCH.

As well as any man of my height, jewel. I studied it in the bog of Allen, which is Irish for the garden

garden of Eden. And as for my skill in the pipes——But I have composed a song in praise of my practice.—

SONG—O'TURLOCH.

I.

WHEN I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,
 Tender and bare as a pig in a sty,
 Out at the door as I look'd with a steady phiz,
 Who but Pat Murphy, the piper, came by:
 Says Paddy, but few play this musick; can you play?
 Says I, I can't tell, for I never did try:
 He told me that he had a charm,
 To make the pipes prettily speak,
 Then squeez'd a bag under his arm,
 And sweetly they set up a squeak:
 With a faralla laralla loo: och, hone, how he handled
 the drone;
 And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have melted
 the heart of a stone.

II.

Your pipe, says I, Paddy, so neatly comes over me,
 Naked I'll wander wherever it blows,
 And if my father should try to recover me,
 Sure it won't be by describing my cloaths.
 The music I hear now, takes hold of my ear now,
 And leads me all over the world by the nose.
 So I followed his bag-pipe so sweet,
 And sung, as I leap'd like a frog,
 Adieu to my family seat,
 So pleasantly plac'd in a bog,

With

With my faralla laralla loo ; how sweetly he handled the
 drone,
 And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have melted
 the heart of a stone.

III.

Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could 'funder us
 'Till he one morning had taken a sup,
 And flipp'd from a bridge in a river just under us
 Soufe to the bottom just like a blind pup.
 I roar'd and I bawl'd out, and lustily call'd out
 O Paddy, my friend, don't you mean to come up?
 He was dead as a nail in a door,
 Poor Paddy was laid on a shelf,
 So I took up his pipes on the shore,
 And now I've set up for myself :
 With my faralla laralla loo, to be sure I have not got the
 knack,
 To play faralla laralla loo, aye and bubaroo didaroo whack.

GWYN.

Your song is goot—but let us to our affairs.

Enter CADWALL and Soldiers.

CADWALL.

I can see no trace of the invader's forces. Surely
 they have retreated, weary of hunting brave
 fellows among the rocks.

GWYN.

Nay, he need not give over the chace ; for he
 might easily enough be in at the death.

O'TURLOCH.

Hav'nt I told you, that while I am piper to the corps, not a man of you shall ever die. The muse of O'Turloch shall brighten you all into stars of the first magnitude; and the goatherd, as he scrambles over the rocks, shall look up, and honour the twinkling souls of the heroes who died for their country.

GWYN (*suddenly*).

By the thunder of heaf'n look you—here a comes! (*looking out*). The enemy is make his approach in as prave disposition as heart could wish; and is now winding up the base of Snowdon.

CADWALL.

I see—there he comes. Look! where the point of yonder rock breaks the view of the river.

O'TURLOCH.

Aye, aye, you may discern the quills of this steely porcupine glittering among the craggs.

CADWALL.

Where is the Prince Llewellyn now? To arms!
—To arms!

(*They seize their arms, and run to the brow of the cliffs:*)

(LLEWELLYN

(LLEWELLYN enters at the side scene, with his arms folded, unobserved by the soldiers, who stand earnestly gazing on the enemy.)

LLEWELLYN.

At length we are furrounded. From the brow
Of this rude hill, I lay upon my breast,
And told the number of the enemy—
Full fifteen hundred men—completely arm'd.
Now then to prove my comrades.--Brother soldiers!

CADWALL.

Ho! the general—the Prince is now arriv'd.

LLEWELLYN.

Well, my brave friends—You see our foe is kind;
He spares us from the frowning winter's blast,
And mows us down in autumn with the sword.
Say, shall we yield our throats submissively,
Or die the death of heroes?

All.

Die like Britons!

LLEWELLYN.

On to th' attack, then! Stop, the enemy halts;
And from his ranks one heralded by Peace,
With signs of truce advances, while the rest,
Grounding their weighty pikes, expect the
issue.

Shall we admit of parly?

(Drum beats.)

CAMBRO-BRITONS.

CADWALL.

He approaches.

LLEWELLYN.

'Tis Hereford, the general of their army.

Enter HEREFORD.

HEREFORD.

I would have converse with the Prince
Llewellen.

Yet, not commissioned by my royal master ;
But solely mov'd by generous concern,
To try what efficacy may be found
In mediation's charitable office.

LLEWELLYN.

Llewellyn stands to hear thee. Valiant lord,
Whose banner shews the purer by the side
Of iron mail—whose tongue of peace
Charms the blood-loving javelin from its mark,
Speak, in the name of Heav'n, thy present purpose.

HEREFORD.

Thus, then, in few. There is a point in contest,
To which arriv'd, resistance from the name
Of courage falls to wild temerity.
Nor should a leader, proud of following love,
Tempt a rough trial quite beyond his strength,
At peril of the lives of those he leads.

LLEWELLYN.

LLEWELLYN.

And at this point you think me now arriv'd—
But know, my lord, if I but thought one man
Who hears me, priz'd his life beyond his freedom,
I would not be a bar 'twixt him and peace.

HEREFORD.

'Tis bravely spoken. Ere we put in proof
Their close affection to your cause and person,
Allow me to propose such terms to you,
As I have credit to see ratified.
Yield, prince, and at discretion, to king Edward;
Submit to pay a gentle fine we'll name,
And hold of him, during your natural life,
This principality, which at your death
Shall add its lustre to the English crown.—
I wait for your reply.

LLEWELLYN.

'Tis in my scabbard.
Think you the soil that nourished me to empire
So lightly priz'd, that I could see its bondage?
Retain it for my life!—My life!—a span:
I live in my descendants.—Lord, I trust
When these bones whiten in the eagle's nest,
My children, with a better fate than mine,
Shall rule the land in happiness and honour.

HEREFORD.

HEREFORD.

Reflect, I charge you, prince ; ere final answer,
Take time ; I'll not now press you for reply.

LLEWELLYN.

Reflect, if I shall yield me to injustice !
The right once felt cannot be spoke too soon.—
I must reject my life on such conditions.

HEREFORD.

I turn me then to you his followers.—
Deluded men, whom yet our mercy spares
For this last trial, listen to my words.

LLEWELLYN.

'Tis fit you should ; and weigh well his pro-
posals.

HEREFORD.

On one condition, here I tender pardon ;
Seize yonder traitor to his oath and homage,
Deliver him an offering unto justice,
And high rewards shall amplify our boon.

(*A pause—all silent.*)

LLEWELLYN.

Why are you silent, friends ? You cannot ba-
lance.

Accept his offer. Mark well the conditions.
He promises you honour for disgrace ;
Who then can hesitate to bind his prince ?

Not

Not yet determined !—Let me well advise you.
Standing with me, you look on certain death.
Think of your helpless wives, your orphan'd
 children,
All sacrific'd, if you are scrupulous.
Yet once more, general, help me to persuade 'em.

HEREFORD.

Amazement wraps me at his fortitude !
They're silent still, and hang the head in sorrow.

LLEWELLYN.

Still, friends, irresolute ! Perhaps your hearts
Cherish some pity for a long-tried friend ;
And thus are loath to yield him to his fate.
Have pity on yourselves—be wise and truckle.
True, we are friends ; but 'tis calamity
Makes the sole bond betwixt us—did we flourish,
 rith,
I should be thron'd too high for your associate ;
And you be common men in my regard.

CADWALL.

This is not kind in our commander, boys.
But may I perish if I e'er betray him !

LLEWELLYN.

O, I have solv'd the scruple. Feeble cowards,
'Tis fear to rush upon a single man.
Lo, there my trusty sword, nay ev'n my dagger,
 I fling

I fling before you—I am now defenceless.
Come, who advances?

CADWALL.

Aye, if hell should gape
And swallow the refusers, who's the wretch
That would betray his leader and his sovereign?

(They all rush forward, and fall at his feet.)

LLEWELLYN.

Read in this act their answer.—Matchless men!
My swelling heart is bursting with delight.
Hence to thy armed files, proud chieftain!
Now!—

For, ere thou tell the issue of thy errand,
The sword shall cut the thread of thy narration.

[Exit HEREFORD.]

(A slight pause, and then LLEWELLYN speaks to the soldiers, who gather in a semicircular direction from the passes of the rock, and pressing forward, listen in respectful silence.)

My valiant friends! A moment serves for orders.
You know your enemy; and your own courage.
Let every man think in his single arm
Resides the power to turn the scales of Victory.
We have against us, discipline and numbers;
For us, the God who loves the patriot purpose,
This rugged eminence, and our good swords.

Our

Our force is scanty—but, by stratagem,
May spread itself to such secure annoyance
As makes a host of few.

You, Cadwall, take a fourth part of our brothers,
And winding round the skirts of Snowdon wood
Fall on their rear. Gwyn, you best know the
forest;

And there disperse your force. Ourselves with half
Of this brave troop will charge them from the
heights.

If we prevail, we drive them tow'ards the wood,
And there, as to a centre, all our force
Converging, executes the work of death.

To your posts, leaders! Draw your honest
swords!

Sound trumpets!—till the mountains rend the
skies

With their fierce echoes. Now then, friends, set
on them.

The word is Briton-born: "Freedom or death!"

[*Exeunt, sword in hand.*]

(*A clang of trumpets and horns—while the curtain
is falling.*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT

E

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE—*Snowdon.**Enter O'TURLOCH, GWYN.*

O'TURLOCH.

VICTORIA! victoria! blessed be the powers of music for the victory!

GWYN.

The powers of music! Give God thanks for the nerves of our bodies, and the courage of our souls. They are the only causes of our success.

O'TURLOCH.

Give me leave. They the causes! To be sure they are; but then what was it wound both of them to so high a pitch?

GWYN.

Why, partly, our danger.

O'TURLOCH.

Danger give a man courage! O, if that had come from one of my countrymen!

GWYN.

Well, then account for it in your own way.

O'TURLOCH.

O'TURLOCH.

You gain'd the battle by the virtue of these pipes ;—nothing else in the world. I'll tell you the business.—No sooner, you know, had the general delivered his peaceable errand, than our prince gave the word to set upon the enemy ; the charge was sounded—

GWYN.

Aye, aye ; it made hur heart jump in hur pody.

O'TURLOCH.

I don't wonder—for that long crane-neck'd fellow with the brazen face and the wide mouth bray'd out the invitation to death's dance. O, I never could abide a trumpet ; it is the only war-music that ever degrades itself by sounding a retreat.

GWYN.

It is a hateful sound, when an enemy is master of the field.

O'TURLOCH.

I would not have given a fillip for the lives of the whole little community, when I heard it.—I saw there was no time to be lost ; for every man of you had his sword drawn, and was rushing down the mountain, like a torrent after a heavy rain ; so, I took up my pipes, and to it I

went, with all my skill. You fell to work, and I kept time. I never deserted you; and, as long as a man remained with a head to be cloven, I kept up the inspiration which governed your valour—and so you won the battle.

GWYN.

There is no denying the pipes did great goot; but, if the true old Welch harp had not roar'd out its noble indignation to boot, the victory might not have been so certain.

O'TURLOCH.

My dear comrade, never trouble yourself to tell an Irishman the value of the Welch harp. We are all so convinced of it, that we use its lovely figure as a stamp upon our dirty copper halfpence; and it makes them pass current for all the conveniences in the world.

GWYN.

Here comes the prince. How victory beams from his countenance through our ragged troop, like a winter sun through a forest. (*Flourish trumpets.*) Got save the brave Llewellyn!

Enter LLEWELLYN, CADWALL, and others.

LLEWELLYN.

Well, valiant countrymen; the day is ours.—

And

And be it parcel of our hearted thanks,
 That we present them to high heaven, untended
 By prayers for even one departed friend.
 Our charge in terror struck like prodigy:
 Disparity for once was lord of numbers;
 And weakness, in the garb of resolution,
 Seem'd magnified into a giant's strength!

CADWALL.

Our men at times look'd chain'd by wonder, sir;—
 They knew our bands so thin,—the foe's so full,—
 That, when the cowards fled, it seem'd a snare,
 To lure us on to ruin; and the victor,
 Doubting his conquest, trembled at pursuit.

LLEWELLYN.

No wonder, Cadwall. Why, the invader's
 numbers
 Surpass'd us tenfold. Yet, mark this, my friends:—
 There is in wrong a self-debasing power
 That aids the just man in his awful vengeance.
 Invasion ever comes with half a heart:
 Invaders are but barren units, drawn
 From the vast total of a foreign land;
 And place and fit relation, all their value,
 Are elsewhere wanting to them—such as wives,
 Parents and brethren, and, the germs in whom
 They vivify again, their tender children.
 'Tis not for them the invader draws his sword;
 The servile minister of mightier villains,

Who

Who use him, as the scythe of devastation,
 To mow down sturdy honour. For our Britons,
 The souls of all these relatives combin'd
 Infuse them in their veins ; for these we fight—
 For home, and all the nameless charities
 That honour and endear it :—strung by these,
 Our nerves are iron-brac'd ; our swelling hearts
 Are danger-proof ; and, to our guilty foe,
 The cause we fight for dresses us in horror.

CADWALL.

What are your orders, sir, touching the
 prisoners.

LLEWELLYN.

Release 'em—Send them home.—In our weak
 state,
 We cannot spare the active soldier's foot
 To pace the centry's narrow march before
 The prisoner's dungeon.—Nay, their growing
 numbers
 Might, at a moment of employment, burst
 From our confinement ; and, with desperate
 hands,
 Affail us in conjunction with the foe.

Enter SHENKIN.

SHENKIN.

Health to the prince !

LLEWELLYN.

LLEWELLYN.

Welcome, my brave old friend :
You've heard the news ?

~~SHENKIN.~~

Aye, marry have I, fir. It saved me from despair. In the morning, I gave up all for lost. I saw the steely rogues, glittering in all their pride, ascend the mountains. They rummag'd my poor hovel overnight, for loyalty conceal'd : I hid nothing from 'em ; but brought it out in this old frosty countenance. The rascals blush'd at the sight of it, and spar'd it for its rarity.

(LLEWELLYN goes aside to one who enters.)

CADWALL.

Father !

SHENKIN.

My darling boy ! (*embracing.*) I do not ask if thou hast done thy duty—it would insult thee : but thou'rt before the highest judge of merit ; and, if thy prince approve thee, I may spare my idle commendation.

CADWALL.

Here is your sword, good father ;—no rust on it ! It has seen active service since I carried it ; and, trust me, I do not blush at the use I make of it. I hope one day, when all our wars are
ended,

ended, to hang it up sheath'd, in our beloved cottage.

SHENKIN.

Aye, boy—and then you must indulge old Shenkin's pride. Age lives but in the past. Once every year, I'll take it down upon this day of wonders; call all our peasants and their children round us; and tell the actions it has seen and shar'd—Win shall sing to us the wild song of praise; and keep the British fire warm in its embers.

LLEWELLYN.

I grieve, my friends, on such a day as this
To stain the face of joy with any blot
Drawn from my own immediate circumstance.
But by a trusty friend e'en now arriv'd,
I learn my destin'd bride, great Monfort's daughter,
With Amoric, her brother, who by sea
Were coming here to join us, by the cruizers,
With which our great oppressor choaks our
channel,
Are taken, and now prisoners at Chester.
I burn to try by stratagem to see,
Perhaps relieve her.—I shall be returning
Ere twice the sun rise smiling in the east
To grace recovered freedom. In my journey
Cadwall, Gwyn, O'Turloch, you attend me.

In

In the disguise of wand'ring minstrels, first,
 We'll gain a perfect sight of her condition.
 No sleep shall close these eyes 'till they behold
 her!

Now, fortune, aid me—and I ask no more.

(*Flourish trumpets.*) [*Exit.*]

Manet O'TURLOCH.

O'TURLOCH.

From war to love—och it's like day and night
 to a soldier; and he best deserves to lie in the
 lap of the one, who discharges his duty hand-
 somely in the other.

SONG.

I.

To win all the fair ones a soldier's the trade is,
 His knocking down gentlemen pleases the ladies,
 With a whack, fal de ral, de ral,
 A soldier's the trade is,
 Whack, fal de ral, de ra,
 To please all the ladies.

II.

Where we slay all their foes, women then must be willing;
 At least, they must own that our manners are killing.
 With a whack, &c.

III.

The dear creatures are charm'd with a Captain done
 fighting;
 For, thump'd black and blue, he must look so inviting!
 With a whack, &c.

F

Then

IV.

Then in friendship and love may he ne'er meet vexation,
 Who fights in the cause of his King and his nation.
 With a whack, &c.

[*Exit.*

SCENE—*Chester, the Palace.*

Enter PRINCE DAVID, and EDWIN a Servant.

DAVID.

Tis well—The princess Elinor approaches.

You may retire.

[*Exit. EDWIN.*

My heart swells high with hope!

I know the nature well of woman-kind:

Ambition overreaches love within them;

And present tempting offers seldom fail

To shake a distant and a doubtful good.

My brother, who from infancy to manhood

Has triumph'd o'er me, shall at last be taught,

That chance or fortune, which the world terms
 fickle,

Is stable as the founded rock, compar'd

With that weak versatility—a woman.

But she is here.

Enter ELINOR.

I know not, beauteous princess,

If

If I may dare congratulate myself,
That the kind chance of war has interpos'd
To save me from despair.

ELINOR.

Tis easy answer'd.
Prince David has but to demand his heart,
If the misfortunes of his royal brother
Are fit occasions for his selfish triumph.

DAVID.

Severe yet just the statement.—Gracious madam,
Did you but know my injuries from him—
This brother!—how deadly to my peace and
honour!

ELINOR.

Fraternal injuries!—What, if I grant them
In all the latitude you feel and speak them,
Is the rude ball of hate to know no rest?
Are kindred hands the rackets fittest chos'n,
To play this desp'rate game of endless strife?
When first he claim'd acquaintance with my
father,
Where did I find this brother of Llewellyn?
Fast by his side; the champion of his cause;
The brave assertor of his country's freedom.
What do I find him now? A mean dependant
On him who only cherishes your strife,
From the sure prospect to destroy you both.
I need not speak this, nor remind you, fir,

He who would subjugate his native land,
May fitly persecute his natural brother.

DAVID.

Ungenerous maid! from any tongue but thine
Such bitter taunt might come, and never wound
me.

ELINOR.

And what blest power is in my speech, that truth
Should never penetrate a callous conscience,
Unless the probe be minister'd by me?

DAVID.

In thee 'tis insult!—Who, but thou, O Elinor—
What but the fatal influence of thy beauty,
Could make me alien from a brother's love?
Llewellyn, as my elder, steps before me,
To snatch dominion from my grasp—Be it his!
I would not wrangle with him for an empire.
But, in the object of my love, I own
No title paramount.

ELINOR.

I understand the slanderous compliment!
Sir, you may be of those (for such there are)
Who, if they praise a woman's beauty, think
They have full power to insult her understanding!
I am not vain enough, to feel the merit
Of him, who offers at my gaudy shrine,
The incense drawn from violated nature.

DAVID.

DAVID.

Think not I make a merit of dissension.
I rather, shewing thee thyself its cause,
Would so extenuate the guilt I own.

ELINOR.

The cause is in thy pride and avarice!
Thou wouldst engross all blessings from thy
brother!
And when his cruel fates divest him hourly
Of something valued by his noble nature,
Like a remorseless plund'rer, you would strip
The household fother from his naked side,
And leave him misery unmitigated!
That I live to prevent.—

DAVID.

How, if the conqueror
In recompence award thee to his brother—
What will this preference avail thee?

ELINOR.

Much.

I know the common jet of your conceptions.
Woman is but the pliant, binding wax,
To seal the compact of your lordly friendships!
Her rights are center'd in one word—submission.
Whate'er you shall resolve, we ratify.
When you have rivetted her bonds upon her,
War you against her father—she complies.

Hate

Hate you her twin-born brother—she hates too.
 But some there are who dare assert her claims
 To independance on your tyrannies.—
 One such is now before you.—Try her firmness—
 Urge her, by slanders on the man she worships,
 And threats on her resistance—You shall find,
 That constancy, if ever it reside
 In the weak tenement of mortal breast,
 Lives in the temple of a woman's love.

DAVID.

Methinks even caution might repress these
 wrongs—

And the proud captive of my will and power
 Decline, by loud and keen exasperation,
 To load her lot with harshness. Well digest
 this—

Receive my suit with temper; for my soul
 Is not to be diverted from its object.—
 Mine you must be: and yet may be with
 honour.

But, O, most beautifully-indignant trisler,
 Beware disdain! before that four-ey'd fiend
 The milk of love's benevolence soon curdles,
 And the whole man grows acrid and distasteful.

ELINOR.

I know my danger from both love and hatred:
 I may survive the hatred I despise,
 But never the fell serpent you term love.—

It

It is our sex's glory, to excite
 The gentle flame of virtuous inclination—
 But when, with sulph'rous breath, Malignity
 Blows up his mouldring fire upon our altar,
 The having, though unconsciously, inspir'd it,
 Confounds us with involuntary shame ! [Exit.

DAVID.

Amazement roots me here ! The sudden bolt
 Of indignation blighted my resolves.—
 Have I so long studied this wayward sex,
 To shrink from what I scorn, mere babble,
 breath,
 Which vanity puffs forth, and styles it virtue—
 The woman's affluence, words !—O yes, I love !
 Spite of her arrogance, she binds me to her,
 A captive in the fetters of disdain.—
 But he, for whom she braves me thus, shall
 answer—
 The storm of just revenge now blackens round
 him ;—
 'Tis mine to point its fury. He destroy'd,
 I shall be rid of puny vows and pledges,
 Which a green girl, begoddes'd by a knave,
 Holds dearer than her duty. O 'twill glad me
 To note her wily palliatives *then*
 To soothe th'insulted spirit of her master.
 That thought at least is transport to me ! For-
 tune,

Fix

Fix but these hues of fancy, and my foul
 Nor knows, nor cares to know, a bliss beyond.
 [Exit.

[*This Scene is omitted in the representation.*]

‘ SCENE.—*The Antichamber of the Palace.*

‘ *Enter DYNEVOR, MEREDITH.*

‘ DYNEVOR.

‘ The council sitting yet ! ’Tis strange, the king
 ‘ Should never ask our aid, knowing how much
 ‘ We shar’d Llewellyn’s confidence ; besides,
 ‘ Our local information might supply
 ‘ Such counsel as would most mature the plans
 ‘ Of his intended expedition.

‘ MEREDITH.

‘ Sir,

‘ You may remember it was promised to us,
 ‘ That, when his majesty should have determin’d
 ‘ How best to use our services, our zeal
 ‘ Should not rust idly in the sheath of quiet.

‘ DYNEVOR.

‘ My valiant friend, I heard the chilling hint—
 ‘ It whisper’d me distrust in courteous phrase :
 ‘ ’Twas as we treat the beggar’s supplication—
 ‘ Return his bow with proud humility ;
 ‘ Tell him we shall consider his afflictions ;
 ‘ Then fly his irksome presence, and forget him.

MEREDITH.

‘ MEREDITH.

- ‘ Indeed, my lord, the image of your thought
‘ Is too much like my own conceit of late.
‘ This very morning, coming to the court,
‘ I met De Thonis and Lord Latimer ;
‘ They look’d at me approaching ; and, when
‘ close,
‘ As I was ready to exchange respects,
‘ The nearer turn’d to his companion’s ear ;
‘ And both, with eyes averted, and low speech,
‘ Pass’d, as we hasten by a house infected.

‘ DYNEVOR.

- ‘ O ’tis a fearful lesson!—Courtiers’ eyes
‘ Are, to the wise observer, perfect glasses,
‘ That magnify, and teach him to discern
‘ The distant thoughts and objects of their master.
‘ When they neglect, adieu to royal favour !

‘ MEREDITH.

- ‘ Here comes Lord Mortimer ; and from the
‘ presence.
‘ Let us accost him.

‘ *Enter Lord MORTIMER, and other Lords as*
‘ *passing through.*

‘ MEREDITH.

- ‘ My gracious lord, the council has sat long.

‘ MORTIMER.

- ‘ It has been deeply occupied, my lord.

G

‘ MEREDITH.

CAMBRO-BRITONS.

‘ MEREDITH.

‘ March we, my lord, to Snowdon? or, per-
‘ haps—

‘ MORTIMER.

‘ Where we are order’d, lords, thither we march.

‘ DYNEVOR.

‘ I guess’d the council might determine this.

‘ MORTIMER.

‘ It has determin’d this. Farewel, my lords.

‘ [*Exeunt and train.*

‘ DYNEVOR.

‘ See this, good heav’n!—Yon lord, disdaining
‘ insult,

‘ Wraps in the veil of secrecy the counsel

‘ Refus’d our privity. Here comes an officer

‘ Will shut, my life on’t, ev’n the doors against us.

‘ [*They retire a-while.*

‘ *Enter the Door-keeper.*

‘ DOOR-KEEPER.

‘ Fye, fye upon it; what a work I have to
‘ keep the presence clear. Nothing but pressing
‘ onward for employment. In time of peace, I
‘ can stand coolly in the gate, and never bring
‘ my elbows into action. Now, if I clapt as
‘ many doors between us as guarded Rosamond,
‘ at Woodstock Bower, the knaves would split
‘ them

' them all to get at me. " Sweet, fir," says
 ' one, " this door leads to the presence?"—It
 ' does, good friend, said I, and shut the wicket.
 ' Another rogue taps me upon the grating, " I
 ' would here tender all my grain to the king,
 ' for the service of the army." How much have
 ' you, man? He holds me up his hand, and,
 ' thining palely through his red choppy forefoot,
 ' I spy a dollar. O come in, friend, I have or-
 ' der to admit you.

• DYNEVOR.

• Porter.

DOOR-KEEPER.

' Anon, fir. You can wait, I trow. This
 ' comes of treachery, it is damn'd on either side.
 ' When they fled from their master Llewellyn,
 ' they made their entry here as if they returned
 ' from triumph; but their grace soon cooled:
 ' and now, instead of jostling through the crowd,
 ' and making straight for the presence, they
 ' creep about the lobby, and remember the
 ' porter.

• DYNEVOR.

' If you are at leisure, friend, I would have
 ' some speech with you.

• DOOR-KEEPER.

' Truly, friend, I am not at leisure; and if I
 ' were,

‘ were, I have no mind for that speech, which
 ‘ my betters don’t care for.

‘ DYNEVOR.

‘ So, ’tis as common as the palace steps !

‘ (*To Meredith.*)

‘ The damp of court-disdain has spread so widely,
 ‘ It clings like rust upon the locks ; and lo,
 ‘ The very porter cannot turn his key.

‘ MEREDITH.

‘ Are we permitted access to the king ?

‘ DOOR-KEEPER.

‘ Where a man doubts his own welcome, you
 ‘ need make no scruple to tell him to try another
 ‘ place ; the outer door is open : all I can do for
 ‘ you is to shut this ; for the wind of royal dis-
 ‘ pleasure blows now so strongly against you,
 ‘ that you may catch cold by standing in the
 ‘ draft. [*Exit. shutting the door after him.*]

‘ MEREDITH.

‘ Despised, insulted, made a quintain block,
 ‘ For every clown to run a tilt against,
 ‘ And break his witless weapon unchastis’d—
 ‘ This is too much for patience !

‘ DYNEVOR.

‘ No, I’ll bear all.

‘ And when the multiplied contempts I suffer
 ‘ Have

- ' Have mortified my proud ungrateful spirit
 ' To the very dust, I'll to my injur'd master,
 ' Seek him in battle, someway win his notice ;
 ' And as the furious falchion thirsts to reach him,
 ' Fling my vile breast between the point and
 ' him,
 ' And while the welcome steel grides through
 ' my heart,
 ' Implore one word of pardon, and die happy.

 ' MEREDITH.

- ' I'll thither with thee, man ! and expiate all.
 ' He, whom no treachery taints, though poor
 ' and bare,
 ' May show his honest brows at noon to the sun,
 ' And never blush to see his constant course.

 ' DYNEVOR.

- ' Let us, then, watch the season to escape.

 ' MEREDITH.

- ' With no less zeal, than if assur'd forgiveness
 ' Waited with outstretched arms, to welcome us
 ' To the proud bliss that must be our's no more.
 ' [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*An Apartment.*

Enter ELINOR.

ELINOR.

The free are apt to fancy, that no evil

More

More wrings the mind than stern captivity :
 However, in her gloomy train there waits
 A slave, more irksome than her mistress, nam'd
 Uncertainty. Here I am shunn'd by all.
 Around me, busy Preparation whets
 Her murd'rous edge for some new enterprize.
 Llewellyn ! O, I fear thee !—Slight success
 Will only irritate thy mightier foe,
 And crush thy hopes and liberty together.
(She flings herself on a couch.)

(Minstrels are heard without.)

Hark ! what kind hand in those my early
 fav'rites,
 Invokes by music's spell my buried joys?
 Who waits there?—

Enter EDWIN, an Attendant.

EDWIN.

What's your pleasure madam ?

ELINOR.

Say,

What are those sounds I hear without the
 palace ?

EDWIN.

They come from some north-country minstrels,
 who
 Chime in their harmonies the swelling deeds
 Of brave King Arthur, and Queen Geneura.

ELINOR.

ELINOR.

Could I not borrow nearer pleasure from them?

EDWIN.

So please your grace, my master's orders go,
But to enforce my presence at such times :
A duty you will pardon—since I wish
For such a lady services more grateful.

ELINOR.

I'm bound to thank your courtesy, and will not
Ev'n by a word or look o'erpass injunction.

EDWIN.

They shall attend you here.

[Exit.]

ELINOR.

'Tis said that servants
Are but the mirrors of their masters' manners,
This should reflect the brother of Llewellyn.
But I forget, the glass reverses too,
And, like a flatterer, always changes sides.
But here our minstrels come—a triple band.

*Enter O'TURLOCH, GWYN, and WINIFRED,
conducted by EDWIN.*

O'TURLOCH.

Please you, my noble madam, to listen to the
poor minstrel, to amuse your gracious thoughts.

GWYN.

GWYN.

Right gracious, hur is sing an excellent ballad
of King Arthur, and the faire lady.

WINIFRED.

Aye, and the second part of the marriage of
Sir Gawaine, with the cruel deeds of the grim
baron of Cumberland.

ELINOR.

I remember I had a nurse once sung it, and
the first start of young curiosity, followed the
crone's shrill music through the tale. Repeat it,
friends.

SONG.

O'TURLOCH.

King Arthur kept at merry Carlisle
Christmas with princely cheer;
To him repair'd full many a knight,
That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner set,
And cups went freely round,
Before them came a faire damselle,
And knelt upon the ground.

WINIFRED.

A boon, a boon, O King Arthur,
I beg a boon of thee,
Avenge me of a churlish knight,
Who wrongs my love, and me.

This

This baron grim, 'twas our hard hap
 But yester morne to see,
 When to his bow'r he bore my love,
 And fore misused me.

GWYN.

Up started then good king Arthur,
 And sware by hill and dale,
 He ne'er would quit that baron grim,
 Till he had made him quail.

Though magic rear'd his castle strong,
 Fenc'd round with many a spell,
 And not a knight could enter there,
 But straight his courage fell.

ELINOR.

Thanks, gentle friends—'tis right to the very
 letter.

We have i'the court, fingers the most approv'd ;
 But, trust me, this your simple harmony
 Affects beyond their science. There's more
 thanks. (*Gives money.*)

O'TURLOCH.

I know no pleasure equal to the praise of my
 music. And if the crosses of the world were
 to shake me out of tune, the commendation of
 beauty would screw my voice up to the true
 pitch of harmony in a moment.

GWYN.

If hur may be so pold, her grace may wish to
 H ponder

ponder over the ballad at her leisure. Win has here a copy of it, penned by a learned clerk down in the north, which will give her great delight.

WINIFRED.

Aye, that I have ; and the whole of it is so rivetted to our memories, that it will never be worn out.

O'TURLOCH.

Your highness will pardon Win, she does not know the nature of the memory, or she would have found, that repetition will wear out any thing. But I beseech you accept the ballad. (*Giving a paper.*)

ELINOR.

I will not be so churlish to your kindness,
To check its stream with a refusal.

(*She looks upon it.*)

Ha!—

Good friends, if it may suit your purposes
To sojourn here some days, I would require
More of your ditties.—I shall think of this
Deeply, be well assur'd.—Edwin, i'the hall
See them refresh'd: they well may grace your
board,
Who harmonize the mind.

EDWIN.

Come this way, friends. [*Exeunt with minstrels.*]

ELINOR

ELINOR *alone.*

(*Reads*) If Llewellyn be dear to her he calls his Elinor, she will fly to meet him, at the shrine of his honour'd mother, in the abbey. There, a pilgrim, he kisses the marble that locks in the gracious mould, which gave the form of man to her

LLEWELLYN.

How has he 'scap'd detection!—Soft! for means,
To keep our interview from prying eyes:
I must pretend some penance.—Pardon, heav'n,
If from thy holy rites, I steal the name,
To sanction this, an act of virtuous passion.—
'Tis their abuse to evil which offends.
Lord of my heart, I fly to thy embrace: [*Exit:*

Enter PRINCE DAVID, *followed by* EDWIN:

DAVID.

Neglectful knaves!—What tell you me of minstrels?

My orders were, no strangers should approach her.

Gone to perform a penance!—Why not follow?
Lest ev'n the surplic'd verger with his wand,
Turn love's magician, and bring tidings to her?
Hence, varlet! [*Exit Edwin.*

Yet, why blame I his remissness?
'Twas natural he should comply.—But I
Will to the altar—mark her every gesture;

H 2

Then,

Then, by a prompt, unsparing charge, compel
Cunning to own its arts in burning blushes.

[*Exit.*

SCENE—*The Abbey of Chester.*

LLEWELLYN *disguised as a Pilgrim, before the
Shrine of Lady GRIFFYTH.*

LLEWELLYN.

Thou sacred piece of earth, which, clasp'd in
marble,
Bound once within its beauteous shrine a spirit,
To which thus low I bend, accept the tear
Which filial love draws down a soldier's cheek.
And if thy meditation ever reach
Purpose so gross as mortal, let thy mind
Prompt and inspire thy son, that he may prove—

Enter CADWALL, hastily.

CADWALL.

My lord, from the north entry, where I stood,
I saw the princess coming to the abbey.—

LLEWELLYN.

Retire, then, my good Cadwall. [*Exit Cadwall.*
How my spirits
Rush back upon my heart!—O, expectation,
How dead thy silence! Now the trembling nerves
Betray

Betray their master ; and this feat of thought
Aches ev'en to agony.—Is that a footstep,
Sounding in the aisle ? No, 'tis the weighty pulse,
That tells the moments to the startled soul.
Hark !—Yet again !—'Tis Elinor ! She comes !

Enter ELINOR.

ELINOR.

O my soul's joy !—my glory ! (*Embracing.*)

LLEWELLYN.

Heav'n, I thank thee.—
My struggles are repaid.

ELINOR.

And have you conquer'd ?—
But tell me how you have eluded notice ?

LLEWELLYN.

After a fight, in which poor desperate rogues
Routed the dainty warriors sent against us,
I left my valiant friends, now strongly posted ;
Here, as a minstrel, easy way I found—
And ev'n nois'd the victory I gain'd.

ELINOR.

My warrior, you now find me sore beset.—
Your brother still pursues his treacherous suit ;
Sanction'd by haughty Edward. Every mouth
Is

Is taught to clamour forth thy name with odium,
O, could I burst this bondage—fly with thee!—

LLEWELLYN.

Why not attempt it now?

ELINOR.

O, my Llewellyn!
If danger is to estimate my love,
Cold prudence it is deaf to. Lo, I am ready.

LLEWELLYN.

Strong must his arm be, that shall tear you
from me.

ELINOR.

Stop, one approaches.—No, 'tis but the breeze
That sweeps the gath'ring dust from heroes'
tombs.

LLEWELLYN.

Come, let us hence—a moment may be fatal.

(CAPWALL without, chaunts two or three words as
a signal.)

LLEWELLYN.

Ha!—There are persons coming to the altar.

(He throws himself on his knees, at a little distance
from ELINOR; She turns round from the shrine,
and faces DAVID, who enters abruptly.)

DAVID.

DAVID.

Madam, your arts are known!—Pretended
penance

Is but the medium of some intercourse
With that base slave my brother—and perhaps
Yon stranger may be made the messenger.

LLEWELLYN *rises, concealing himself.*

A pilgrim!—no, by Heav'n! On that dark brow
Command sits thron'd. Pilgrim, speak!—What
art thou?

LLEWELLYN.

The bondman of the virtuous. — To thee,
nothing.

DAVID.

Ha!—Thou then know'st me, stranger.

LLEWELLYN.

Yes—I know thee.

DAVID.

What dost thou know me for?

LLEWELLYN.

The prince Llewellyn.

DAVID.

No, thou mistak'st me, pilgrim. Worlds un-
number'd

Should never win me to become that villain.

LLEWELLYN.

LLEWELLYN.

Villain!

DAVID.

Ha! his eye kindles with passion. (*Aside.*)
 Thou know'st *him* then?

LLEWELLYN.

He taught me how to love you.
 To bow before the vast heroic virtues
 That, for a scanty measure of court-sunshine,
 Betray your family, your truth, your honour,
 And treacherously would destroy that brother.

DAVID.

Wretch! one word more shall draw a vengeance
 on thee,
 Not ev'n this place's privilege shall baffle!

LLEWELLYN.

The arm of villany is ever palsied.
 As high as scorn can lift me, I defy thee!

(*During this conflict, Elinor is much agitated, but
 afraid to interfere, lest a discovery should take place.*)

DAVID.

Without there! Bear the princess BELE to the
 palace. (*Elinor bore off.*)

Now then for explanation. Speak!—thy name!

(LLEWELLYN withdraws his cloak, and shews
 himself.)

DAVID.

DAVID.

Hell!—my brother!

LLEWELLYN.

Yes, behold him, traitor!

(Putting his hand upon his sword.)

DAVID.

Nay, then, there is no time for altercation.—

Thus I revenge the wrongs I have endur'd.

*(Draws his sword.)**Voice (from the tomb.)*

Forbear!—

DAVID.

My feeble arm denies its office.

LLEWELLYN.

Why droops the fratricide? Strike, thou pale villain!

DAVID.

Heard I aright! Did not the silent grave
Shriek out—'Tis juggling all—But should the dust
Of her who bore us now cohere again,
And bursting from its sepulture deter me,
Thus would I rush undaunted to thy heart!

(The upper part of the tomb, with a mighty noise, falls to the ground, and from the centre their mother rises in the funeral dress. LLEWELLYN falls upon his knees, with his arms extended towards her. DAVID'S arm is forcibly drawn back, and the sword flies from his grasp.)

(After a long pause.)

DAVID.

Spirit ador'd of her who gave us being,
Frown not so dreadful on me. Through my
heart

I feel thy grasp, which, like the unsmn'd ice-bolt,
Freezes the marrow in my stiffening joints !

SPIRIT.

Have I not loved you ?—Be peace between you !
Confirm it at the altar !

*(The brothers, kneeling near each other, embrace, and
she bends over them from above.)*

Now, my children,
My blessing rest upon you !

Chorus of Spirits.

Dear is the incense that repentance flings,
And cherubs waft it heavenward with their wings,
Grateful the voice that bids your hatred cease,
A mother's mandate of fraternal peace.

*(Here the funeral dress falls off; drapery of a fine cerulean
colour gradually unfolds itself; her figure seems glorified; and
through the opening window she is drawn, as it were, into
the air, while music, as of immortal spirits, attends her pro-
gress. The brothers gaze silently after the vision, and the
curtain drops.)*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE—*Without the Town.**Enter LLEWELLYN, DAVID, and ELINOR.*

ELINOR.

THE sky is clouded, through its foggy veil
No star will sparkle, as a treacherous lamp,
To light observers. Let us then escort you
Some distance farther, in your homeward track.
Our absence will not be remark'd, believe me.

LLEWELLYN.

Not a rood farther, sweet. And I take blame
To have permitted enterprize like this—
That I might linger by thy lovely side;
And, longer to embrace that tender form,
Trust its nice sense to the chill breeze of night.

DAVID.

Believe me, t'will be dangerous to proceed.
We have but time to measure back the way,
Ere the town-gates shut.

ELINOR.

Must we part here, then?

LLEWELLYN.

It will be needful, love.—Our friends are now
Have passed the river Clwyd.

ELINOR.

Look, my Llewellyn,
Where holy hands have reared th' blessed cross,
For parting love to 'iterate its vows,
And strengthen separation with the springs
Of confidence and hope!

LLEWELLYN.

We soon shall meet.
My brother will but watch the time of 'vantage,
And with a martial escort bring you to me.

ELINOR.

O what a word is parting! since, with all
The softening circumstance we grace it by,
It strikes so harshly on the heart!—Farewel!—

LLEWELLYN.

My love, adieu!—

LINOR.

O, go not from us yet!—
Did we but say farewel, while the quick sun
Pass'd once from west to east, it should be
flower!—

And love might whisper fancy, to devize
Visions of joy to bless the bower of sleep.
But now—when danger's horrid shade distends

O'er gloomy wastes, and craggy precipices,
 Beset with war's grim furies—O, it asks
 A world of prayers for preservation; mixed
 With fond profusion of misgiving sighs!
 And, to relieve the bursting heart, some tears
 That, like the rain-drops to the summer's heat,
 Refresh our fev'rous nature!—

LLEWELLYN.

O, thou dear one!
 Think not my love the poorer, that it yields
 No flowers to deck my speech.—I could content
 me
 To let day rise upon repeated pledges,
 And live upon the sounds most precious to me!
 But 'twere the folly of a spendthrift boy,
 Who wastes the treasure, which should gild the
 future,
 In present lavish use.—My noble brother,
 Do thou with kindly violence sunder us—
 Or we shall cling thus ever!—(*Embracing her.*)

DAVID.

Hark, I hear
 The evening drum beat round the city walls,
 To call the stragglers home.

LLEWELLYN.

To you, my brother,
 And your best care, I yield my only wealth.

DAVID.

DAVID.

With a religious zeal will I preserve it !—
And, though once rival for the golden prize,
Return it unimpaired to your possession.

LLEWELLYN.

Heav'n's blessing be upon you.

ELINOR.

O, my hero! (*embracing.*)—Farewel! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*Snowdon.*

CADWALL, O'TURLOCH, GWYN, and LLEW-
ELLYN'S *Soldiers.*

CADWALL.

Safe arriv'd, lads. Welcome the old mountain,
once more.

O'TURLOCH.

Oh how a little excursion into foreign parts
recommends home to the taste ! But a journey,
after all, to be entertaining, should have a bit of
a female at the end of it ; and then the more
windings and turnings there are in the way, the
sweeter the lady of the labyrinth.

GWYN.

By hur grandmother, the flower of Llantaffin,
hur would go twice as far to play the jongelour
to

to so sweet a princess. She is as gentle as the kid, and as majestic as Plinlimmon.

O'TURLOCH.

Aye, and such an ear for music too! They say the man who has no taste for sweet sounds, must be as black as a negro; and there may be a small spot in the heart that disdains them; but in woman, harmony seems to have built up her organ, and her voice is the sweet pipe, through which the musical god Cupid breathes forth his divinity.

GWYN.

Let me hug you for your praises. Heigh-ho!
Aye, I was once a true-lover indeed! My poor Gwynith!

[This Song is omitted in the representation.]

SONG—GWYN.

WHEN the rose in the morning, she brought out the
day,
She smil'd, and all nature was instantly gay;
When she spoke solemn wisdom forgot to look wise,
And ev'n Love fell in love, at the sight of her eyes:
Heigh-ho! O poor heart,
It is breaking, breaking—
Gwynith has left hur, heigh-ho!

II.

The goats, when they saw her, would instantly skip,
And the bees left their honey to fly to her lip;

Than

Than her motion the lily was never more meek,
And the rose might have blush'd at the bloom of her
cheek.

Heigh-ho ! &c.

III.

No sun gilds my day, and night shuts up her stars,
In search of my peace, I plunge into the wars,
My single affection asks Gwynith for wife ;
And hur dies every day for the loss of hur life.

Heigh-ho ! &c.

GWYN.

When Gwynith and I thought of mingling
stocks together, I sent in the tree of my family
for their inspection. I dug down into past ages
for the root, and shewed myself a true Trojan.

O'TURLOCH.

O, that Troy was an admirable nursery, and
produced the brood of heroes, fifty in a family,
until one of them crying for a great rocking
horse, made by Ulysses a Greek carpenter, the
whole race took a fancy to ride him, till they
broke his girths, and then down they fell in the
dust.

(Shouts without).

Long live the prince !

CADWALL.

Hark, comrades, from the outposts
The salutation points our prince arrived.

(Flourish trumpets.)

LLEWELLYN

LLEWELLYN *enters.*

LLEWELLYN.

Brothers in arms, well met! You see me safe—
Return'd with better hopes than I durst cherish
At my departure. How did you find our forces?

CADWALL.

Much strengthen'd by the rumour of success;
Which from the neighbouring towns has drawn
in shoals
The hardy sons of Britain.

LLEWELLYN.

We shall need them.

Edward is making mighty preparation,
And threatens final ruin to our bands.
Thanks be to heav'n, we shall no longer meet
him
As a divided race; my brother David,
By awful warning tutor'd into love,
Joins us with speed; and in his escort comes
The Princess Elinor.—Looks this not well?

CADWALL.

Bravely, my sovereign. Now we see our leader,
That heart which gives the British blood its flow,
We look on dangers as we view those clouds
Which blacken yonder down our mountain's
fides;

K

But

But never with their smoky breath can reach,
To dim his pure, and snow-invested top.

LLEWELLYN.

Right, my young friend ! And, come the hour of
peace,

We will attend thee to thy early nest,
And give thee to thy bride. Grace shall reach all,
The diamond rough, and dug here in the quarry,
Shall try the polish of a future court,
And grace the throne my Elinor ascends.
Now then to view the troops.—

[*Flourish, and Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—*Inside of Shenkin's Cottage.*

Enter SHENKIN, WINIFRED.

SHENKIN.

Come, Win, cheer up ! What, though Cad-
wall has join'd the army, let him not pluck out
all the heart of the hovel along with him.
Fling t'other log upon the fire—and one more
jug of ale, and then to bed. You, Win, shall de-
scribe your visit to the great city. Or—no, I'll not
sleep up, for fear of the night-air.

WINIFRED.

You are merry, sir ; my travels set you asleep !

SHENKIN.

To be sure, girl—Who does not doze, over rug-
ged

ged roads, and barren heaths, and flooded valleys, and deep rivers, with the muttering of thunder, and the whistling of winds? Whenever I hear any of these insipid narratives of perilous adventures, in a country that has suffered no change since Noah, I wish the traveller a smart shock of an earthquake, to electrify me out of the vapours. No, no, come—a song.

WINIFRED.

I know your favourite.

SONG—WINIFRED.

THE sun was set, the night was grey,
 When Gwynith, at the cottage door,
 Saw Howell push the boat away,
 And slowly leave the black'ning shore;
 Long had he lov'd the beauteous maid,
 She blest him with an equal flame;
 They waited but the church's aid,
 To make them one in heart and name.

II.

At morrow dawn she sought the coast,
 She ran, she climb'd a stranded wreck:
 She shrunk at what she might have lost,
 And sunk upon the slippery deck.
 She call'd him in his wat'ry grave,
 An answering-cry her soul alarms;
 A sailor struggled through the wave,
 And Howell caught her in his arms.

WINIFRED.

Hark, I hear footsteps about the cottage!

SHENKIN.

The cry of one in pain!

ELINOR, *without*.

For charity's dear sake, admit the stranger.

SHENKIN.

What, are you friends? The times are perilous—
Honesty has a passport notwithstanding
Should find no door unyielding—Say, what are
you?

ELINOR.

Travellers, who are journeying on to Snowdon,
But by some lurking foes set on and wounded—
Open, beseech you.

SHENKIN.

Marry will I, youth.

ELINOR, *in Boys' Clothes*, leads in DAVID, wounded.

ELINOR.

Thanks, gentle friends—I pray you lend an arm
To bear him in.

SHENKIN.

Right willingly, young sir.

Beseems

Beseems he is the master whom you serve.
How chanc't it, boy, you travel at this time?

ELINOR.

Business of import urg'd us to press onward.

SHENKIN.

How are you, fir?—We'll see these wounds of
your's.

Our mountain-practice, though not nice nor
costly,

Has store of healing herbs, of power approv'd,
That prosper often, when laborious science
Has tir'd itself in vain. How feel you, fir?

DAVID.

Faint from the loss of blood—Yet I do think
Not dangerously wounded—But, where am I?

SHENKIN.

Sure, I have heard that voice!—Know you one
Shenkin?

DAVID.

O yes, by name and character! Thrice happy
The chance that led me to thee—For thou seest,
Wounded and helpless, underneath thy roof,
David, Llewellyn's brother.

SHENKIN.

Art thou he?

Thou, that false brother, and thy country's shame—
Stand

Stand off—sink, die, rot, carrion for the vulture!
 Since I wore man upon my chin, till now,
 I never knew misfortune seek my hut,
 But it was open, as the gentle Dee,
 For the nigh-wreck'd to harbour in—But here,
 My honest nature scorns a sympathy.

ELINOR.

Forbear, rash peasant!—nor by zeal mistaken
 Endanger him, whom thou should'st die to serve.

SHENKIN.

Boy, thou dost well—he is thy master still:
 But I owe nothing to a parricide.

DAVID.

Yet hear me—for the sake of him you honor!
 My brother and myself are link'd in love,
 I journey now to meet him.—

SHENKIN.

Well bethought thee!

Thou wert the jackall to the deadly lion,
 That hunts him in the toils.—Thy feints are seen
 through.—
 Hence! leave my cottage! Take thy wretched
 life—

I will not rob thee of the hour of anguish.
 High sanguine villainy can laugh at duty.
 But there's a salutary sting in pain,

Which

Which wakes us from prosperity's dull opiate,
To long-forgotten ties, and fore repentance.

ELINOR.

Owe you no homage to your country's prince?

SHENKIN.

The question's somewhat roundly put, good youth;
I will not jest with misery. My prince!
While he is truly so, I deem my life,
And all the little substance I call mine,
Held but in trust, to risk in his support.—
That's my side of the reckoning.—He to me
Owes nothing but the undeferted pledge
His honour gave to be his country's champion:—
Make him her deadly foe, the bond is cancell'd,
And injur'd love feels tenfold aggravation,

WINIFRED.

Beseech you, let him stay till morning dawn.

SHENKIN.

Dost thou plead for him? I shall hate thee, girl.
I am not to be shaken.—You must hence.

ELINOR.

Ha! I have seen that face—It is my minstrel!
Who brought me tidings from my love,
Llewellyn!

Droop not, my Lord—I can dispel their error.

(Taking out a letter.)

Fair Winifred behold this—You remember—

WINIFRED.

WINIFRED.

'Tis the self-same I bore the Lady Elinor!
 She never would resign it but in death—
 Perhaps—that habit!—Yes, it is the princess!

ELINOR.

Well, good old friend, your doubt's dispell'd, I
 trust.—

The Lady Elinor herself assures you,
 That the best proof of love for your great master
 Is now to shelter and relieve his brother.

DAVID.

I see relenting nature in thine eye,
 Look as it would extenuate thy roughness:
 But no apology. Had I remain'd
 What once, alas! I was, I should deserve
 The harshest treatment honesty could offer.

SHENKIN.

'Faith, my good lord, I do not mean to make one.
 I feel too earnest in the cause I chuse,
 Not to be stern and rigid till it triumph.
 But reconcil'd in love to my dear lord,
 You may command old Shenkin.—My good
 Win,
 Some of your office; this Lord's hurts de-
 mand it.

If any savage could be found so fell
 As to refuse his soul to woman's charms,

Let

Let him but see her gentle patience wait
Around the sick-man's pillow, and his heart
Were adamant did it not melt before her.

WINIFRED.

Do, pray, your Grace, lean on me!—To your
chamber!

And restoration settle on your couch.

DAVID.

My inmost soul shall thank you.

WINIFRED.

This way, sir. (*She leads him off.*)

SHENKIN.

Now, madam, let me ask the news of you.—
The king prepares against us.—

ELINOR.

His main force,
It now appears, had been, in slender parties,
Long since brought round from various points,
awaiting
Their final orders, to invest your mountains.
One of these bands assail'd our escort here.
Amid the slaughterous fray, the prince, intent
Alone on saving me, retreating fought.
His adversaries, seeing how he bore him,
Desisted from pursuit.—Night favour'd us,
And, though his wounds are deep, we reach'd
your cottage.

1

SHENKIN.

SHENKIN.

I'll in and see his hurts ; and, gracious mistress,
 If any skill I have, to thread these mountains,
 Can miss the ravagers, to-morrow's sun
 Shall place ye in the deep retreats of Snowdon.

ELINOR.

I am for ever bounden to you, father ;
 But grieve the times allow your age no rest.

SHENKIN.

'Tis green and lusty, lady. By St. David,
 Rouse but the native choler of my race,
 And put two trim'd-up warriors in my path,
 My quarter-staff should clear a passage through
 'em,
 And brain the dainty knaves for wolves to feed
 on. [Exeunt.

SCENE—*A Curtain of rocky Scenery.*

*Enter King EDWARD, HEREFORD, MORTIMER,
 &c.*

KING EDWARD.

'Tis a wild night, my lords, and suits our
 purpose.
 Such conflicts of the elements not seldom
 Abate an enemy's vigilance. Security
 Withdraws him to repose ; and dreams not then
 Of foes less scrupulous to tempt the storm.

HEREFORD.

HEREFORD.

Our troops, my liege, creep onward heavily.
The torrents that have wash'd these precipices
Render their footing frail. And the quick lightning,
Which strikes and plays around their steely helmets,
Confounds the fight; and many on the cliffs
Sliddering, are from the mountain's verge plung'd
down,
And die, ere the far-dashing of the wave,
Speak them engulph'd and lost.

MORTIMER.

'Tis terrible!
Never, in all the warfare I have pass'd,
Have I contended with such natural foes!
'Tis as the genius of the country rose,
Arm'd with ten thousand terrors to resist us!
Let me entreat your majesty, regard
Your person's safety!—Till the dawn appear
Proceed no further.

KING EDWARD.

Peace, for shame, my lord!
Think you I led the foldier hither, but
To gaze and shudder at the wonders Nature
Flings from her daring hand, and so retire?
No—They were meant to temper men to heroes.
Let the drum beat the line of march.—Away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.

(The scene changes to a narrow pass, along which the King's army must march. A rough and angry torrent bounds it in front, overhung by inaccessible crags. The drum of the invading army is heard and louder as they approach. At the moment when the King attended enters upon the stage, with a hideous yell, the Bards rush to the verge of the cliffs, and with haggard forms, seen only by the glare of the torches they carry, like furies pour out their execrations upon his head, in a full chorus to the harp only.)

CHORUS.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
 Havock choak thy furious way!
 Desolation's raven wing
 Sweep thee from the eye of day!
 Ruin seize thee, ruthless King.
 Ruin seize thee, ruthless King.

HEREFORD.

Say, what are these?—The spirits of the mountain
 Yelling amid the storm!

MORTIMER.

Despair sustain me!—

To arms!

HEREFORD.

Behold, my lord! from forth the band
 One rushes on—and, by the sudden silence,
 Prepares to speak. Th' undaunted king advances!

BARD.

Edward, I call thee! If thou dar'st, then hear me.
 Would

Would I could add the eagle's piercing scream,
 And all the savage sounds that awe the desert,
 To thunder on thee—tyrant, persecutor!—
 Cool, unrelenting, bloody ravager!—
 Behold the last remains of that high race
 Thy policy has butcher'd! Fondly deeming,
 That with the bard, who gave the brave to fame,
 Freedom itself, and courage would expire!
 Impious and vain! Think'st thou the British
 muse
 Within thy power to quench? Give death the
 reins,
 Summon his demons from profoundest hell,
 And flood these rocks with blood—I tell thee,
 King,
 The sacred stream will be as dew to them,
 And from the freshen'd soil new bards arise,
 To animate the breasts, which glow for freedom!

CHORUS *interposes.*

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King.

1st BARD:

Inhuman tendency of giant pride!
 Is sanguine victory the only goddess
 Whom thy soul worships? Be her triumphs
 thine!—

What do they yield to deck the bed of death?
 Prophetic fury brings thine full upon me;
 And leaps the gulph of time with joy to seize it.

Yes,

Yes, mighty lord, I see that fiery eye,
 Veil'd by the last thin film, and none so fond
 To prop thy burning head, and preach false
 comfort.

Then, while the tears of pain scald thy wan
 cheek,

And life is ebbing fast, I shall stand terrible
 Close by thy lonely couch, and wake despair,
 To drown thy hopes of pardon in my blood.

KING EDWARD.

I'll bear no longer! To your arms, my friends!
 Let not these haggard wretches thus dismay ye!
 Silence the race for ever!

*(Charge sounded.—The soldiers rush out.—The bards, all but
 the principal one, fly.—The woods are seen to take fire in
 the distance.)*

1st BARD.

That I laugh at.

He who dares die is master of the means.
 My fate is plac'd beyond thee. Think not, king,
 The generous stream that beats here shall em-
 bathe

A ruffian's falchion.—I hear the groans
 Of my dear dying friends!—Their parting
 breath

Shrieks curses on thee!—May it fall like mist,
 And deadly vapours poison all around thee!—
 Hark! the last feeble wail!—and now all's silent.
 See, where their thin shades flit among the
 clouds!—

Behold!

Behold! they beckon me! and thus I join
them,—

*(He flings himself into the torrent below him, and
with the sound of trumpets the scene drops.)*

SCENE—LLEWELLYN'S Post upon the Mountains.

Enter LLEWELLYN, GWYN.

LLEWELLYN.

'Tis strange we have no tidings from my brother.
Alas! I fear the num'rous bands which search
The passes of these mountains, have surpriz'd him,
And he is slain, or made their prisoner.

GWYN.

The best compliment is no flattery. He is too
brave a man to survive the disgrace of capture.
What! is he not brother to our commander?
O the sweet lady too, what may her delicate
heart suffer, in the rough handling of a scuffle!

LLEWELLYN.

Possess me not with terrors for her safety.
Bring the blood-scenting wolf across her track,
Her angel-look might sooth his savage heart,
To gaze on her with love, and let her pass.

Enter CADWALL.

CADWALL.

O, my dear lord, I have been so affected!

LLEWELLYN.

With what, my soldier?

CADWALL.

CADWALL.

My lord, as venturing down the winding path,
 O'erhung by intertwining thorns and brambles,
 I crept to view the gathering foes around us,
 In a dark delving issue from the lane,
 I heard the cry of some one suffering ;
 And, guided by the sound, turn'd to the object :
 At last, a cold and trembling hand seiz'd mine,
 And with convulsive pressure drew me onward.—
 I bade the person tell his name, and danger—
 When think, my lord, my horror and amazement,
 To hear the voice of Dynevor.

LLEWELLYN.

That traitor !

CADWALL.

The dying wretch—for he was near expiring—
 Then with a sigh, which anguish made a groan,
 Besought me thus : O, stranger, if thy breast
 Love loyalty, and would preserve that love,
 Listen my fatal story !—From my master,
 The brave and gracious master whom I served,
 I fled, a craven traitor and a villain !—
 His enemy received me—harbour'd me ;
 But set distrust to watch my doubted conduct :
 That stung me deeply.—Well I knew the worst ;
 And soon determin'd to escape from shame.
 I join'd the prince, my royal master's brother,
 Who, with his friends, convoy'd our beauteous
 mistress.—

LLEWELLYN.

What !—what of this ?

CADWALL.

CADWALL.

At length he went on thus :—
 A party of the enemy attack'd us ;
 I flung me recklefs 'gainst an hoſt of foes.—
 Thus wounded ev'n to death, I crawl'd at length
 Into this ſecret paſs, I once commanded—
 With purpoſe then to throw my dear repentance
 In my life-blood at my good maſter's feet ;
 And ſo implore his pardon, and expire.

LLEWELLYN.

My foldier, how thy diſmal ſtory racks me !

CADWALL.

And now, cried he, if ever thou haſt hope
 To bear unſullied innocence to heav'n,
 Fly to his preſence ! O, I know his nature !
 (Wretch that I was to wrong it !)—he will weep—
 His kind forgiving tear ſhall waſh away
 The blot upon my fame !—I ſobb'd aſſent ;
 Which, when he heard, with a convulſive joy,
 He pluck'd a javelin from his wounded ſide,
 And ſunk, to ſpeak no more.

LLEWELLYN.

Be witneſs, heav'n, how dear to my affection
 Is his repentant death-bed !—At more leiſure
 We'll bury him with honour, and inſcribe
 Upon his covering rock—' Here lies a virtue,
 ' Which, from one fatal error clear'd by con-
 ſcience,
 ' Sought death, to prove his penitence ſincere.'

Fair sorrow, by your leave—(*Drum sounds.*)
What means that drum?

CADWALL.

A flag of truce.—The bearer now approaches.

Enter HEREFORD, preceded by a Banner.

HEREFORD.

Thus to the prince of Wales says my great master:
Ere we, who seek him in the heart of Snowdon,
Try our respective strengths, to let him see
Which way our wishes bend, dismissing form,
We send the hostage he demands for parley;
And thus invite immediate conference.

LLEWELLYN.

The princely Hereford will do us justice.
Peace would be cheap, if bought on any terms
But forfeit honour. We accept the hostage;
And set forth in full confidence. My friends,
Let this illustrious warrior here receive
That courtesy, which intermitting peace
Gladdens the soldier's heart to give and welcome;
Hope trusts it may receive no further rupture:
But if it must, the man of courage loves
To shew his personal fondness for his foe,
And that the cause alone inspires his enmity.
You, friends, attend me to their camp.—Farewel.

HEREFORD.

May your accommodation be the herald
To summon my return!

[*Exeunt* LLEWELLYN, CADWALL, GWYN, &c.]

SCENE.

SCENE—*The Tent of EDWARD.*

A Throne of State, his Generals attending.

(Flourish of Trumpets.)

KING EDWARD.

The duke returns not.—We may then expect
The Prince of Wales in conference. My lords,
Let every honour wait upon his entrance.

Enter EDWIN.

EDWIN.

My sovereign liege, a party of your troops,
In a rude cottage of the neighbour mountain,
Discover'd wounded, harbour'd by a peasant,
Prince David, and with him the lady Elinor,
Disguis'd as his attendant.

KING EDWARD.

See them brought,
With all observance to our tent; but kept
Apart from notice, till we call for them.

[Exit EDWIN.]

MORTIMER.

A flag of truce approaches with the prince.

(A pause.)

LATIMER.

He is advancing through the lines.

(A pause.)

He now

(The trumpets sound.)

Ascends with manly port this eminence.

(A pause.)

MORTIMER.

My liege, he's near your royal tent.

KING EDWARD.

Admit him.

(LLEWELLYN enters, covered. He advances with a firm step, and a composed and intrepid demeanor, until he faces the king; he then takes off his helmet, which he delivers to an attendant, and profoundly bows. The king inclines to him, as he sits.)

I could have wish'd, renowned prince of Wales,
This conference had earlier pass'd between us.
You may remember that I should not now
First ask the grievances Llewellyn suffers,
But that with insult he profess'd a fear
His freedom might be injur'd in the parley.

LLEWELLYN.

Intended insult, king, that prince disclaims :
'Tis the vain froth of prosperous meanness. I
Had reason for the fear; which, with that frankness
That must be mine in every state of fortune,
I will, with due respect, submit to you.

KING EDWARD.

Speak freely, warrior.

LLEWELLYN.

There are modes of warfare,
Which, in the strife that states like subjects kindle,
Are grac'd by something generous in their nature :
And being undisguis'd and open quarrel,
Like fleshly wounds, but suppurate their evil,
And close at length in perfect sanity.—
Others there are insidious, dark and deadly,
Which baffle the soft healing hand of peace,
And rankling hate for ever fester there.

KING EDWARD.

'Tis freely spoken.—But proceed, Llewellyn.

LLEWELLYN.

LLEWELLYN.

I have a brother—(on his former errors
Light he rebuke, for I have pardon'd them)—
But from his country and his prince he fled :
Your arms receiv'd him.—Some of less esteem,
Yet subjects also, left me in my danger :
They found a welcome too.—I tell thee, monarch,
Had any in your court, with traitor hearts,
Brought to my weakness their best strength in
arms,

And lent their counsels to betray your purposes,
I would have sent them guarded to your justice,
And scorn'd ev'n conquest, aided by dishonour !

KING EDWARD.

There is less difference here, than you imagine.—
Your rebels never shar'd my councils, prince—
But you refus'd the homage to our crown,
Paid by your ancestors.—In Henry's time,
Your bards will tell you, one of them in zeal,
When that great monarch fought the coast of
Wales,

Plung'd in the sea to clasp him in his arms,
And from the wafting boat bore him to land.

LLEWELLYN.

I'm sorry for the fact, since it proclaims
The name Llewellyn once meant slave and
coward !

KING EDWARD.

What in this case would'st thou of choice have
done ?

LLEWELLYN.

LLEWELLYN.

Call'd to my mind my country's former glory :
 Disdain'd to blot her history with submission.
 Rather than fawn away the trusted sum
 Of my brave people's independence, I
 Had driv'n, like brave Bonduca, my arm'd chariots
 Down our white cliffs to the insulted shore,
 And whelm'd the rash invader in destruction.

KING EDWARD.

If victory, then, had shunn'd Llewellyn's standard—

LLEWELLYN,

I had been conquer'd, lord, and died in arms.—
 One infamy my foe too would have 'scap'd—
 The pains, by subtle sophisters and traitors,
 To taint the heart of duty in my subjects !
 Malign my government, insult my feelings,
 And preach rebellion 'gainst their general father !
 Your highness now may gather from my speech
 My purposes, my griefs, and apprehensions.
 If skill'd to read the soul, you will perceive
 The true avowal of an adversary ;
 If of a mind that loves it, you will know
 The way to quench his honest enmity,
 And win a firm ally—a faithful friend.

KING EDWARD.

Such language, prince, can only flow from honour !
 But do not wonder, I remind you, lord,
 Of provocations, calling for redress :
 How often have your chiefs, who rule the borders,
 Wasted

Wasted our neighbour lands, and to the sword
 Put our defenceless, unsuspecting subjects?
 If you had never sanction'd such destruction,
 The coward ravagers had kept their homes.

LLEWELLYN.

Whether complaint like this might not be answer'd

By similar aggressions on your part,
 I will not now enquire.—This is my answer:
 When nations draw their swords against each
 other,

Think you the quarrel in the general mass?
 No, it resides in some few desperate villains,
 Who seizing power, determine to retain it.—
 Ours is a common cause—Cement our union,
 And soon the growing mischief dies before it.

KING EDWARD.

By holy Paul, the evil stands declar'd!
 Prince, for a moment we will seek our council;
 And straight return, confirm'd by their advice:

(Flourish trumpets.) [Exit. King and Officers.]

Enter ELINOR.

ELINOR.

Joy, my Llewellyn, joy!—The generous king,
 Permits me thus, like the returning dove,
 To announce reviving peace. Your brother too,
 Though wounded, yet recov'ring, comes to greet
 you.

LLEWELLYN.

O thou cold guide, Prudence, may I rely

Upon

Upon this op'ning heav'n of happiness?
 My Elinor, art thou thus giv'n to me
 Freely, no weight of base conditions hung
 About thee, to ensnare my yielding soul?

ELINOR.

As freely, I do think, as yonder sun-beams,
 Which, after a long night of thick'ning horrors,
 Enforce a smile on Nature's suff'ring face.

Enter DAVID.

DAVID.

My brother, let me greet thy prosp'rous fortunes.
 The wounds I yet do something smart beneath
 Are precious, since they bring me to the fight
 Of thy admitted sovereignty.

LLEWELLYN.

O rise;

And let me know each circumstance that laid
 So rude a tax upon my brother's love.

(They retire.)

Enter WINIFRED, *who flies to* CADWALL.

CADWALL.

So, Win, our wars are ended—and thou'rt here
 in time to save me a new expedition.

WINIFRED.

What, was there more peril to be dar'd?

CADWALL.

But little, I believe—I should have begg'd leave
 of absence—hurried home—kiss'd thee first—
 then claim'd performance of thy promise; and
 laid my cares asleep for ever in thy lap.

WINIFRED.

WINIFRED.

See, your brave, generous father !

Enter SHENKIN.—CADWALL kneels to him.

SHENKIN.

Bless thee, bless thee, boy ! Pshaw, foolish heart !—tears now upon this rock-work ? I thought the spring was dry.

CADWALL.

Clasping your honour'd knees, I beg your blessing, sir.

SHENKIN.

Thou hast it—it has ever clung about thee. Pardon a father's superstition, son ; but I do think that a fond parent's blessing on his child is a protecting angel to his life, till guilt dispel the charm.

GWYN.

Joy to you, comrade—Got in his goot mercies pless you, Winifred ; and Heaf'n pless hur prince and his bride.

SHENKIN.

The first gush of joy is apt to overflow the measure ! I have more still than I can contain, and it will have way. Giver of all joy, hear me ! a patriot's sum of blessing is his country.—May it flourish, and be the source of genuine truth and honour ! May every rash attempt at its annoyance ensure its own destruction ; and her sons drive all invaders from the shore, as her proud cliffs repel the rising waves, that dash the rocky bulwark and retire ! *(Flourish trumpets.)*

N

King

*King EDWARD enters, and taking a hand of each,
advances between LLEWELLYN and ELINOR.*

KING EDWARD.

All thought of conquest, prince, I here disclaim ;
And I exact no tribute. Be my friend—
My nearest, best ally ; and, in her perils,
Let England ever find her warmest champion,
Her grace, her glory, in the prince of Wales !

LLEWELLYN.

A generous nature only knows the force
Of magnanimity like this. May peace
For ever clasp us in her gentle arms ;
And be our interest mutual, nay, the same.
And look, my love, the glorious news already
Has half unpeopled Snowdon ; and my subjects
Rush to participate their prince's transport.
One of your country strains, my tuneful friends,
To swell my joy to rapture, and then—march !

CHORUS.

Hither from our cloud-topt mountains !
Hither from their chrystal fountains !
Every nymph with spirit clear,
And bring your best of blessings here.
Crown her truth with wreaths of honour !
Be the fruitful bliss upon her !
May *he* ever mighty flourish,
Glory's darling sons to nourish !
Time, whose rav'ning tooth devours
Richest fanes and loftiest tow'rs,
Spare, as fly the circling years,
The shrine a grateful country rears.

THE END.